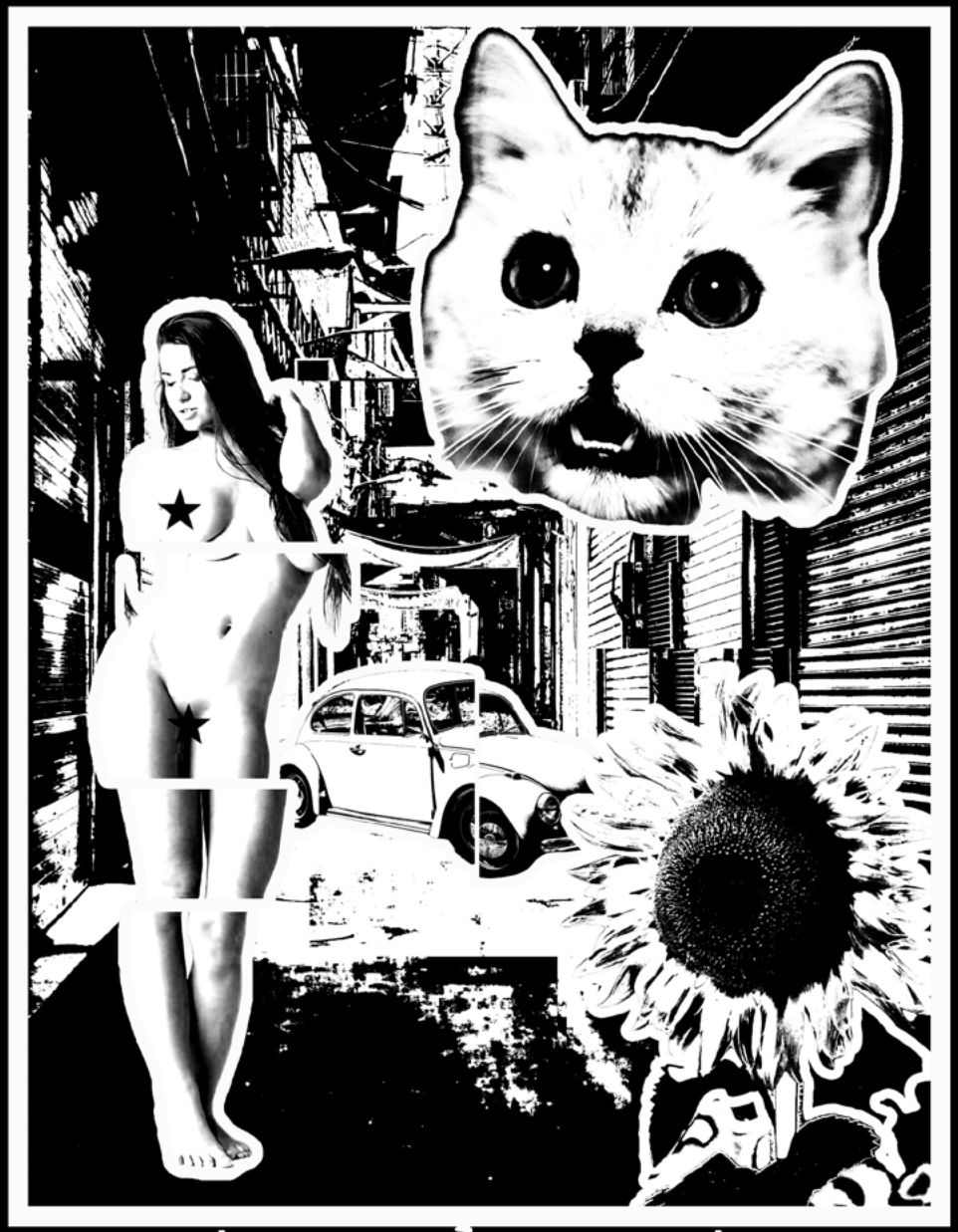
ACID DROPS
art and poetry
NO
Volume 1



art and poetry

by Eric Hawkins

volume 1

I am an artist and all that comes with it. The severe introvert with a need to connect somehow through others with words printed on a page that may never get read. I can't tell you what you want to hear because I can't understand how you function in the vacuum of self absorption. I try to fit in and belong to the crowd that surrounds me but the truth is I'm just a mirror to what you do. Hiding my soul in a tattered box in the corner destined for tomorrow's trash. I speak to my demons in the morning to keep them in check so maybe I can make it through one more day. One more day in an achievement. One more day is my goal. One more day is what keeps me above ground, one more day. My words aren't meant to be pretty, much like most of the world. Smiling in the morning to hide the darkness at dusk. Keeping the devil quiet through the night. I am an artist and all that comes with it. Keeping the light on and fire burning until my soul is gone.

People are quick to say I don't need you
Because they are too afraid to say don't go.
Building bunkers for their innocence
Keeping the demons at the door

I don't need nobody she screams
After cutting her arm from the broken
Glass she snatched from the broken
Picture frame with his picture in it.

I don't need nobody he screams
After his parents shut him out
From any resemblance of affection
Not knowing what he's about

I don't need nobody she screams
Closing Facebook on her phone
As she slips on the lasso
She hopes will send her home

People are quick to say I don't need you
Because they are too afraid to say don't go
Begging silently to be heard by someone
Longing for family and to belong

A place to feel security
Simple comforts of home
Dreaming of serenity
While sitting all alone

Dreaming of security
Needing to belong

Do you see? Do you See? Do you see? Do you see? Do you SEE? Do you see? See? Do you see? Do you See? Do you See? Do you See? Do you see? Do you see? Do you See? Dp you SEE? Do you see? Do you see? Do you see? DO YOU SEE?

I didn't know I was falling
After I convinced myself to fly
No clue where I was going
But I was soaring so very high

Everyday was like a dream
With a nightmare following behind
Falling in love with an idea
The immortals never die

Thoughts faster than sound
Watching myself from memories
Living a day after the day before
I can't take this shit anymore

I didn't know I was falling
Looking at the ground
My grave coming to meet me
Dying faster than sound

Everyday was like a dream
With a nightmare following behind
Im not sure who's life I lived
Fuck I never meant it to be mine.

WOW!
You mean a woman can open it?
Easily—without a knife blade, a bottle opener, or even a husband! All it takes is a dainty grasp, an easy, two-finger twist—and the catsup is ready to pour.
We call this safe-sealing bottle cap the Alcoa HyTop. It is made of pure, food-loving Alcoa Aluminum. It spins off—and back on again—without muscle power because an exclusive Alcoa process tailors it to each bottle's threads after it is on the bottle. By vacuum sealing both top and sides, the HyTop gives purity a double guard!
You'll recognize the attractive, tractable HyTop when you see it on your grocer's shelf. It's long, it's white, it's grooved—and it's on the most famous and flavorful brands. Put the bottle that wears it in your basket . . . save fumbling, fuming and fingers at opening time with the most cooperative cap in the world—the Alcoa HyTop Closure.
DEATHCO
ALUMINUM

WHAT IS REAL ANYMORE?

She erupts with rage
As the cashier rings
Tomorrow's groceries
With yesterday's wage

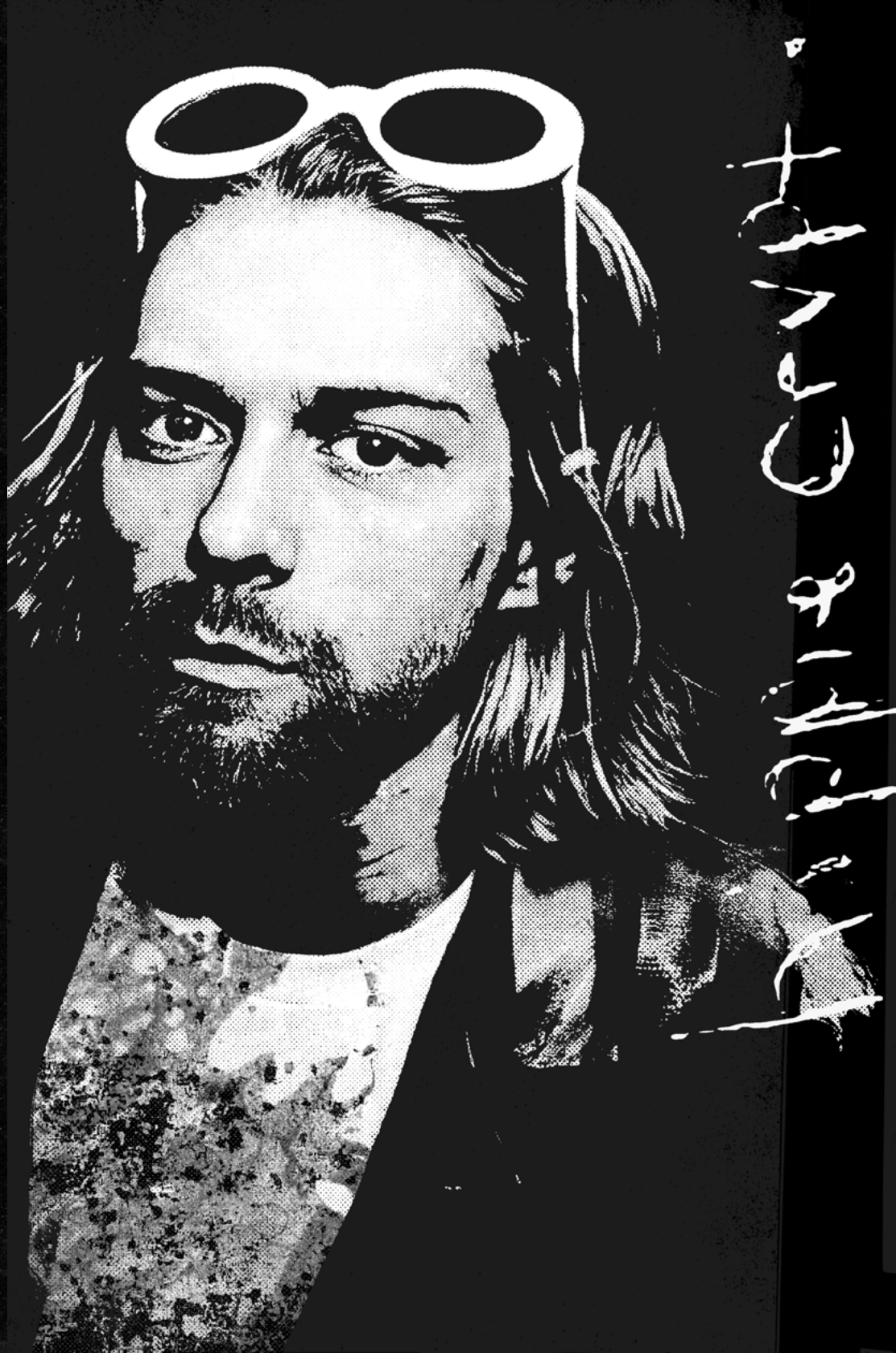
I can't put anything
Back there's nothing left
But my medicine
I can do without

She erupts with rage
Blaming the cashier
Because no one else
Is there to hold her hand

She erupts with rage
As the pressure builds
As the interest compounds
As the postman brings more bills

She erupts with rage
Before she falls to her knees
Broken and battered
But her soul not shattered

She erupts with rage
Because she feels so alone
So alone even at home
Even at home she doesn't belong



I won't insult you by telling you I know how you feel. By telling you the sun will rise again, this too shall pass, it won't rain forever. I won't patronize you in iambic pentameter, trying to show you how sympathetic I am with my words. Trying to use your pain to sell a poem. I can't know your pain. I can't feel your heart. I can't live in the existence of your soul. I wouldn't dare tell you I know how you feel. I'll just be here. I won't try to fix you. I won't motivate you. I won't try to relate to you like a high school chemistry teacher. I'll just be here.

The moonlight covers her body
As the nights breeze dances in her hair
Gazing at the wonders above
Thinking if she will ever live up there

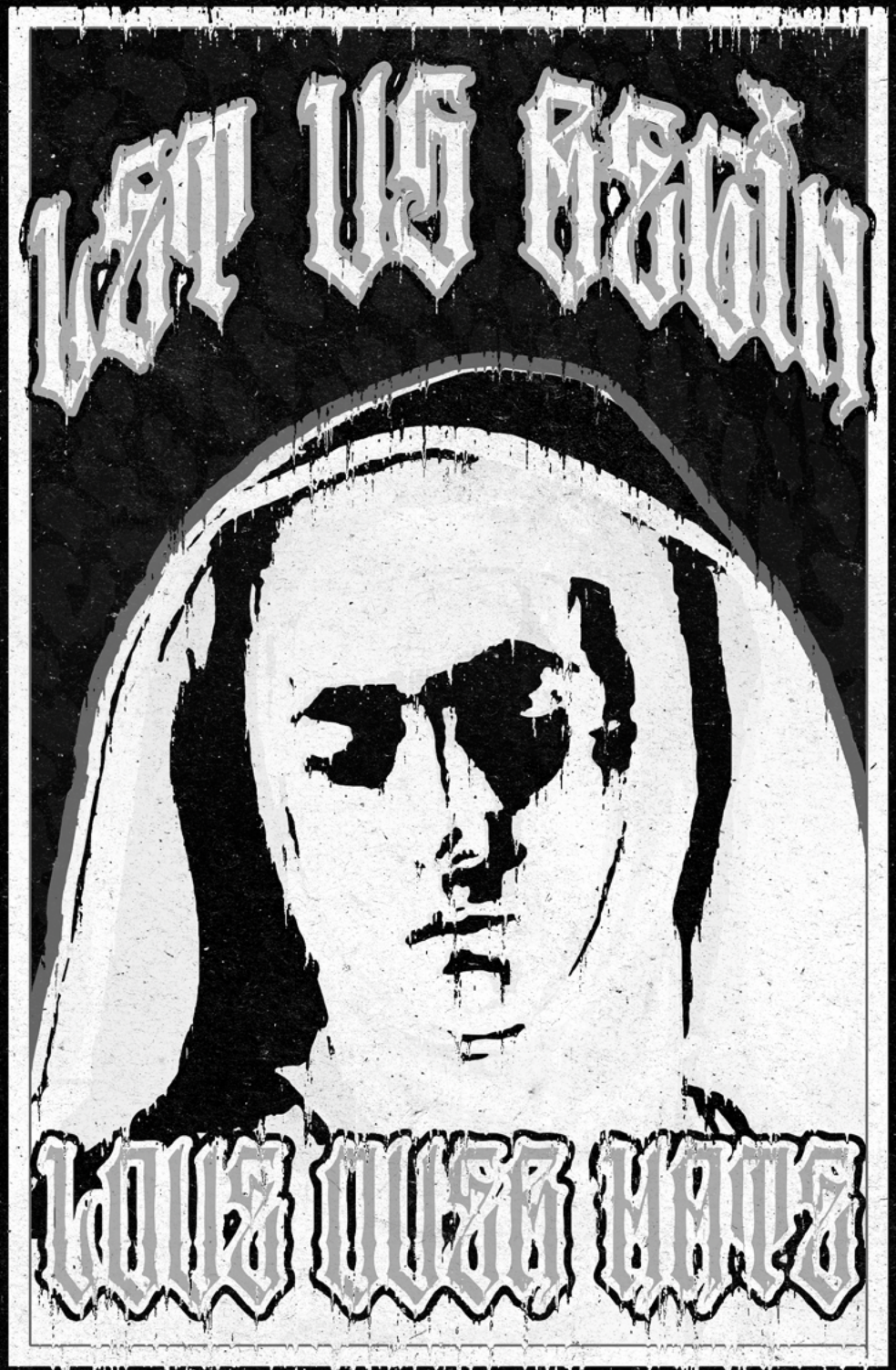
Lost in time and space
That no one could ever see
Letting go of her worries
Alive in the moment she will be

Breathing in the worldly beauty
And letting go of all the pain
In each passing moment
She will never be the same

Tomorrow is a product of the day before
Only one thing will remain the same
Time, life, and love goes by
But she will always have her name

The beauty that lies within her
Only a lucky few will see
She never needs approval
From you, from anyone, or me

The moonlight covers her body
Her spirit dances in the air
She can feel the love of the world
Her heart and mind, a perfect pair



I may not be like you
But I'll help, if you need me
I may not say many words
But I still have a story to tell

This world feels mighty strange
You know me if you feel it
But my heart hasn't changed
It just gets clouded in the rain

You may not understand
The space that I needed
It just helps me heal
From the noises from within

I may not be like you
But I'm here, if you need me
I won't leave another
To feel alone in this world

I don't say many words
But each word, I feel it
I may not have caused it
But I feel your suffering

I may not understand
The heartache that brings it
But I'll never turn away
From a stranger or a friend

I may not be like you
Someday I may need you
Sometimes I need
The kind words of a friend

Family

Drinking my 5am cofee
At half past noon
Tasting the bitter
Procrastination of life

Feeling the familiar
Caress of a cigarette
Breathing in the illusion
That keeps the fire burning

Preparing my mind
To cope with the mindless
Repetition of resistance
For forty hours or more

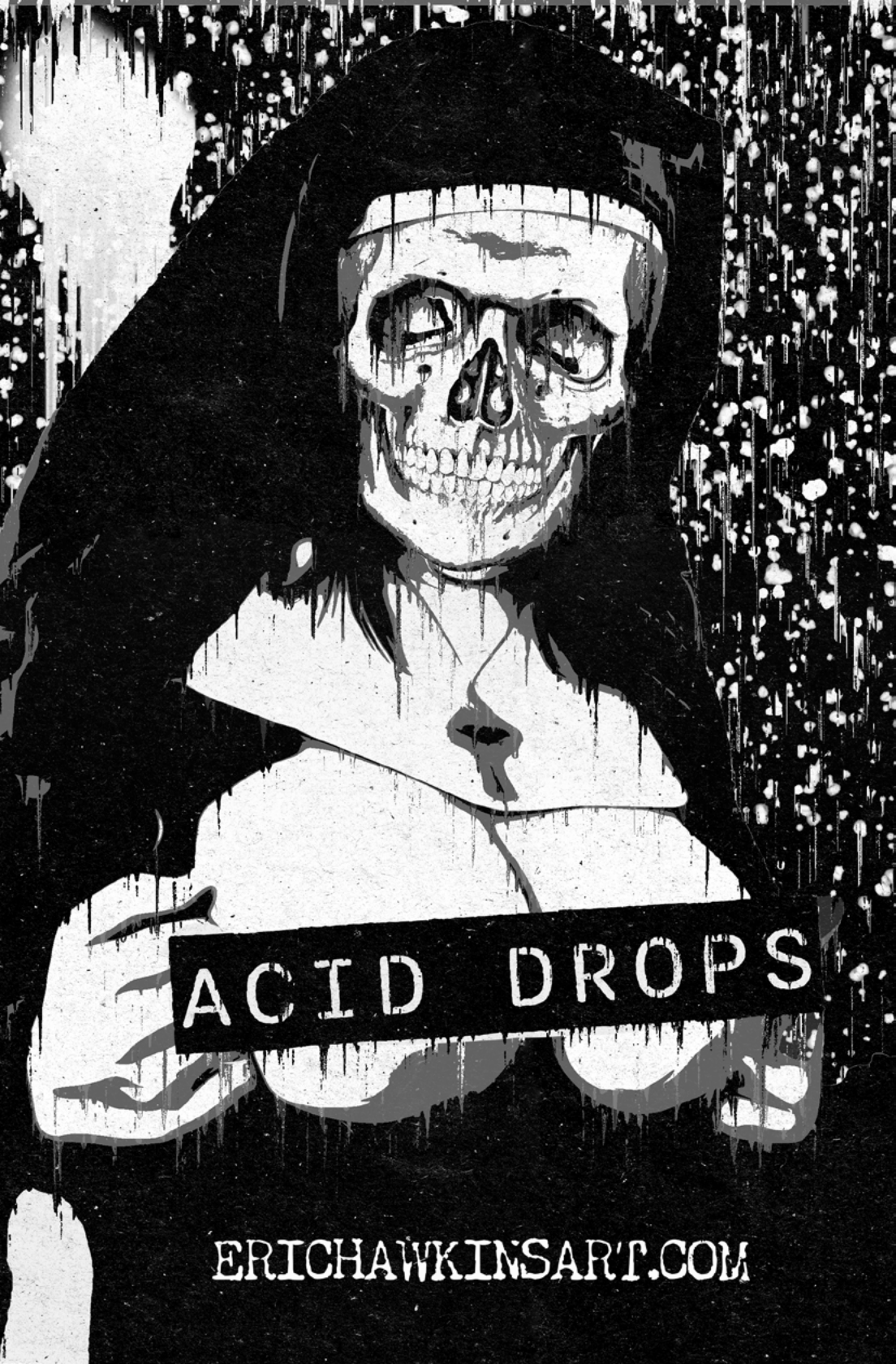
Panic for productivity
Pain as a profession
Just for more possessions
And the 401k illusion

Someday I can live
Someday I'll be free
Someday I'll retire
Someday I'll achieve

Buy food on credit
For the first 15 years
Paying off the debts
For the next thirty.

When they bury me
You can rest easy
The final price of peace
Can be paid in monthly installments

I am a glimpse of somebody familiar that you thought you once knew. You can't quite remember my name but you recognize that look in my eye. You've seen it somewhere before. You've seen it in the eyes of a child on a summer day. You've seen it in the eyes of your old family dog when you got home from school. You've seen it in your grandmother when she says she was proud of you. You didn't stop me as you walked by. You could have sworn you knew me when you looked into my eyes. Maybe I was someone you knew in school. Maybe I was someone your friend once knew. Or maybe I am someone who lived similar to you. A life lived on a parallel plane. A little different but basically the same. Maybe you felt weird and uncool. Maybe you had your heart broken a time or two. Maybe you thought no one could ever be like you. Maybe you find peace while sitting alone. Maybe you hate answering a phone. Whatever it is or what it could be. You could have sworn you truly knew me.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